

Sorting locomotives calls for great muscular talent. A locomotive sorter puts the big locomotives on one side and places the small locomotives on the other. Great care must be taken that debutante locomotives do not get mixed with old wrinkled locomotives. A locomotive sorter must pat all locomotives which slip from his hand and dash themselves to pieces on the carpet.

role of the old King with Louisell in "The King of Nowhere."

Margaret Wood and Sam Doty have been engaged for parts in Lew Layton's musical play, "Step This Way."

Clifford Fisher is to reopen "Castles-in-the-Air in September with a musical revue, Spanish in theme."

The Lights Club will have a "news-
paper night" soon. The Lights is the
theater club that has the baseball
team the Friars wallop weekly.

Mittie Majors has invented a bathing
suit of chicken wire fencing for
herself. It is absolutely shark-proof.

It is expected to be F. Ziegfeld's
personal representative at the
entury. A press agent is yet to be
named.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

A. C.—Apply to the producers' of-
fices for chorus work.

M. F.—If you are really looking for
novel idea, why not use a couple of
costs in your act. "The Butternut?"

FOOLISHNESS.

Last night I was so very hot
And a little bit of a cold
And put it in my little box
And I forgot to send it home
I took it with me when I went
But even the place began to melt
I dried the wet equator.
The bunch of sticks came in my hand
And I was crestfallen.

FROM THE SERVANT.

"He's worrying about his debt."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"I don't mean the ones he owes
me. I mean the ones he can't con-
tract the worry him."

In Our Opinion

GWAN NOW - CLIMB DOWN AN GET OVER ON VUN SIDE OF DAS BANDIT'S CAVE!

YES BUT AXEL -

ere Isn't Going to Be Any Coronation

NOW LISTEN -- RUN BY DAS CAVE SHOOTING A YELLING! MAKE VUN TERRIBLE NOISE, SEE? MAKE HIM COME OUT SO AY CAN SEE HIM.

WELL -- THEN WHAT?

BLAIR was in tears. There was a scene in the studio.

"If you guys think I am going to pay money for any bunk work, I had better forget it," was the declaration of Simon Blair, President of the Miracle Film Company.

"Then them were his very words," Tim blushed to Mrs. Salmon, who took another part, laying her blond hair down upon the latter's broad shoulders. "I had on my prettiest dress, to be sure, and I was just as confident," and was just coming to the place where Reggie jumped over the cliff with me when old Blair hit me with that butt. He talked something like that. Why, he said I couldn't see him."

"There, there, dearie," comforted Mrs. Salmon. "Never mind what he said. Here I am, who have played the shears, doing witches and women. Yesterday they put out a hundred feet of my best stuff. I am on a Bronx road carrying a departing soldier boy his dead father's picture, and they only showed it once. I am saying goodby. The good days are gone. Now they want first class youngsters. Waitress, shop girl."

THE DAY MOM GAVE YOU ALL THE PANCAKES YOU COULD EAT.

OH MOM YA' GOT ANY MORE MOLASSES?

YES, HE'S BEEN CRYIN' ABOUT NOT GETTING ENOUGH TO EAT. SO I'M LETTIN' HIM HAVE HIS FILL. HE'S NOW WORKIN' ON HIS TWENTIETH.

TWENTY PANCAKES? IT'S GOIN' TO COST SOMETHIN' TO FEED HIM WHEN HE GROWS UP.

D'YA WANT ME TO RUN FOR THE DOCTOR?

MOM'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA AFTER THIS HE'LL NEVER LOOK A PANCAKE IN THE FACE

GEE! THEY NEVER GIVE ME ALL I WANT OF ANYTHING!

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By Alma Woodward

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A summer hotel bedroom at S. A. M. & Co. Maizeburg. My shimmering features are all disarranged. During the night, I wake up and see above in the eaves on the pillow beside to his nose. Pop emerges, soaked with perspiration and wailing:

(complaining)—That's a fine ray to wake me up. Isn't it? You could have put my eye out! It looks like it's no time to

(blithely)—But it is. Don't remember this as the morning arranged to start at 6 A. M. He the Brown into the city in Mr. Brown and you to business. Brown and I to shop, and breakfast at a fascinating inn here on the road.

(groaning)—No inn is fashionable. S. A. M. How can it recover when it only closes at 6 P. M.? The bacon we get here pretty good. I'll sleep a little longer. energetically.—You'll do nothing, sort. Milton. Get right hustle now. When you get you'll enjoy it immensely. Besides, we can't go back on our word to the Browns. It's a wonderful morning. too.

with on the edge of the bed. He is a man who will be very busy. His anxiety is the crill of the shadow land.

(dolefully)—People do such

Come, come! Take your eye to be fit as a fiddle.

Pop (with a faint ray of hope).—

Do you suppose the Browns think we meant that?

Ma (firmly)—Why, of course did! They don't think anything getting us late earlier than the Browns says he gets up at four o'clock.

(For talk. Brown. Brown. Brown. Indigo eyes appear, still with tears, so downcast, on tiptoe, to wait for the door).

Night Clerk (cleaning over Oh, Mr. Mitt. Here's a new Brown left with me late last night. Give you—and somehow it slipped from my mind. Sorry!

Pop (reading)—Of course were spoofing! No one would enough to get up at 5 A. M. Little feaster! Brown."

(For holds the note, puts it in his pocket, and goes to the door, looking startled, open, and makes for the door).

Ma (in alarm)—Milton! What are you going?

Pop (dramatically)—When bell sounds I shall be disappointed. Even the breaking news will fall on unbearable ears. The thunderbolt will draw "make up" in room. She's a poor lucked and no answer for her. In. Continuing to find the door after several hours have elapsed.

GET OUT! YA GIT KNOCKED DOWN, YA! PEST!

DO YA THINK YOU KIN MAKE ME SIT DOWN?

THE MAN BEHIND WOULD HAVE FORCED THIS PEST TO SIT DOWN

IF THE MAN AT THE BAT HADN'T UNCONSCIOUSLY SAVED HIM THE TROUBLE.



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